Nature and Nancy.

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LET ſwabs with their vows their palaver and lies,
Sly flattery's ſilk ſails ſtill be trimming,
Swear their Polls be all angels dropt down from ſkies!
I your angels don't like I loves women,
I your angels don't like I loves women
And I loves a warm heart and a tweet honeſt mind,
Good as truth and as lively as fancy,
Good as truth and as lively as fancy,
As conſtant as honour as tenderneſs kind,
As conſtant as honour as tenderneſs kind,
In ſhort I loves nature and Nancy,
In ſhort I love nature and Nancy,
As conſtant as honour as tenderneſs kind,
In ſhort I love nature and Nancy.

I read in a ſong about Venus I thinks,
All rigg'd out with her Cupids and graces;
And how roſes and lillies, carnations and pinks,
Was made paint to daub over their faces,
They that loves it may take all ſuch art for their pains,
For mine 'tis another gueſs fancy.
Give me the rich health, fleſh and blood, and blue veins,
That pays the ſweet face of my Nancy.

Why I went to the play where they talk'd well at leaſt,
As to art all their parts they were trying;
They were playing at ſoldiers, and playing at feaſt,
And ſome they was playing at dying,
Let e'm hang, drown, or ſtarve, or take poiſon, d'ye ſee,
All juſt for their gig and their fancy?
What to them was but jeſt is right earneſt to me,
For I live, and I'd die for my Nancy.

Let the girls then like ſo many Algerine Turks,
Dash away a fine gay painted galley,
With their Jacks, and their pennants, and gingerbread works,
All for ſhow and juſt nothing for value;
Falſe colours throw out, deck'd by labour and art,
To take of pert coxcombs the fancy;
They are all for the perſon, I'm all for the heart,
In ſhort I'm for nature and Nancy.